

Fig. 1. of Charles's Head (James)

THE late Duke of Monmouth's Lamentation.

The Tune of, On the Bank of a River, Or; Now now the Fights done.



The World is ungrateful
the People deceitful,
Ambition and Pride our first Parents did
it leads to high places
as Slip'ry as Slides,
Their gilded pretences all vanish like smoke.
Their fatal delusion
Brought me to confusion
I sat by those Powers I did justly provoke.

Those Men of Sedition
that nurs'd my Ambition
And coach'd up my Fancy with hopes of a Crown
whose faces are depending
and must have an Ending.

¶ ¶ ¶ 'Tis they ruin'd me and my former renown
Seducers of Reason
¶ ¶ ¶ Spoke me commit Treason
¶ ¶ ¶ For which on the Block I lay my head down.

¶ ¶ ¶ My Grief I discover
For those I brought over,
¶ ¶ ¶ And those in this Land I seduc'd to the Sin
¶ ¶ ¶ true Churchmen deal'd me
¶ ¶ ¶ the Gentry del'd me,
¶ ¶ ¶ With none but the Faction I labor did win
¶ ¶ ¶ this sorrowful sentence
¶ ¶ ¶ brings me to Repentance
¶ ¶ ¶ Unfortunate Monmouth this Act to begin.

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The Second Part, To the
same Tune.

Thus my Allegiance was all disobedient
the King of the West in those Parts they me call,
Each Village and City
was spoil'd without Pity,
The Kings better Subjects I brought into Thrall:
But now such vile doing
hath caus'd my ruin
My Pride and Ambition must now have a Fall.

The popular Fable
and noise of the Rabble,
It pleas'd me at first and did flourish the Lye
'Twas Pride and Uain-Gloze
did furnish the Story
And gave to my after proceedings the Rise
while that I did aspire
t' be higher and higher,
Like thy generous Bird I was snar'd for a trice.

All did me admire
naught I could require,
But the Royal Bounty did freely allow
was of Royal standing
had all at commanding
And men of the highest Rank to me did bow
but hee taken ill measures
and lost all those Treasures
Now Monmouth's the Case is alter'd now.

Ambition can't borrow
One day, ere to morrow
Now Monmouth must lie in the silent dark Grave:
let his sad conclusion
be Traytors Confusion
And dash them to pieces as Rocks do the Waves.
take warning you Traytors
and all you Crown Follies
Your running designs your Heads shall not save.

This may be Printed July 18. R. L. S

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-
Ball in Pye-Corner.